

A
Judicious Observation
OF THAT
Dreadful Comet.

WHICH
Appeared on November 18. 1680, and
continued until the 10th of Fe-
bruary following.

Wherein is shewed the manifold Judg-
ments that are like to attend upon
most parts of the World.

Written by J. W. in New-England.

Nunquam futilibus excanduit ignibus Æther.

Heavens face such Comets ne're did stain,
But mortal Men felt grievous pain.

Heavens face with Flames was never fill'd,
But Sorrows great Mens hearts soon thrill'd.

Such Comets when Heav'ns face they cover,
Bespeak aloud that Changes hover.

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A Judicious Observation of that Dreadful
COMET *which appeared on the 20th*
of November, 1680.

Silence all Flesh, your selves prepare
 To read those Lines which written are
 In Heavens large *folio*, with the hand
 Of him that doth all things command.

My *Genius* moves me to declare,
 And to relate what Changes are,
 Like raging Waves of th' Ocean great,
 Rouling themselves upon the seat
 Of *Vesta* now, whereon we dwell,
 And must go hence to Heaven or Hell:
 I'll not besmear my Paper with
 Volatile Megrims-Fancies, sith
 The Eccho of approaching trouble
 Upon us now doth daily double.

My Muse grows solid, and retires
 From those chill-painted Fancy-Fires
 Wherewith sometimes she lov'd to toy,
 And therefore crys, *Pardon à moy*.
 A nobler Spark of heavenly heat,
 Both Head and Heart doth actuate.
 Heav'ns Sovereign doth unsheath his Sword,
 Because Men do despise his Word,
 Declar'd by them whom he hath sent
 Into the World for that intent.

Heavens spangled Canopy above
 Is neatly fill'd by th' hand of *Jove*,
 With *Hyroglyphicks*, which contain
 The certain draughts of Joy and Pain,
 Which mortal Men must undergo:
 He's wise who can foresee the Wo,
 And timely shrowd himself from Harms,
 Which usher'd are by loud Alarms.

Upon this eighteenth of *November*,
 (God grant we all may it remember !)
 A dreadful Comet did appear,
 Enlightning all our Hemisphear.
 It first appear'd in *Libra's* Sign,
 And thence went South throughout that Trine,
 Which winds towards the Moderate Zone,
 Beyond which there's a frozen one,
 And thence it swerves, and so returns
 To us whom Southern *Sol* ne're burns.

No Exhalation did combine
 To fix this Comet which did shine,
 Such Notions flow from foggy brains,
 And *Aristotle's* muddy drains:
 But *Sol* did shine with strongest flame,
 Declaring that he takes his aim
 At mortal Men through Burning-glass,
 Because our time to cry, *Alas* !

doth now draw near — —
 This Prodigy which blaz'd throughout
 Earths vast Circumference, no doubt
 Prefages greater Change at hand,
 Than hath yet vexed every Land.
 Such Signals are *Preludium*
 Of direful Changes that will come

Upon

Upon the Nations: on Men all,
 'Cause Vices epidemical
 Do now bear sway, are in their full.
 Shew me the Land which you can cull,
 Secur'd from Vice, to Vertue prone,
 And I'll engage they shall not moan
 The dire effects of Wantonness
 But sit and sing, yea and confess
 Th' eternal Praise of Sovereign *El*,
 Who them secur'd, whilst others tell
 With Heart-amazing words full true,
 The dismal sorrows which they rue.
Jah hides his Counsels in the dark;
 No Man of Reason finds one spark
 Of light, whereby he can divide
 What is supposed, and what's try'd.
 Yet many Men, if they'd confer
 Each Man his little, may aver
 In general what is design'd
 Against ev'ry perverse Mankind.

This Comet ran through th' Zodiack wide,
 Did quickly through twelve Houses glide,
 Through many a Constellation
 This Comet roam'd, which now is gon;
 Which is significant: yet oft
 Our Hemisphere with Clouds aloft
 Was darkned ore, and would not suffer
 Us to behold what still did hover
 Over our heads, caus'd by its motion,
 And joining to each Constellation.
 Yet those who are remov'd to th' East,
 Unto the North, to th' South, and West,
 May by their interwoven light,
 Discover what to us is night.

And when their Observations all
 Compared are, one general
 System may be delineate thence,
 Which will apparent make to sense
 What is contriv'd and ratifi'd
 Against all that have God deni'd,
 Who gape and thirst for sinful pleasures,
 That quickly fade ; not for the Treasures
 Which are divine, and will endure ;
 To which good Men themselves inure.
 I'll therefore give some gentle hints
 Of this Comets foot-steps and prints,
 Engraven in Heavens Adamant
 Against the Men who still do pant
 After Earths Vice and Vanity,
 Yet leaving room and liberty
 For those refined Wits, that spend
 Their time and pains to find the end
 Design'd by him who Comets, and
 Heavens Luminaries doth command,
 To be for Signs as well as Seasons,
 To punish Men not drawn by Reasons.
 Seraphick Souls who mount and fly,
 To peep beyond the azure Sky,
 I'th Sign which *Libra* doth possess,
 Which takes its name from th' Ballances.
 God fixt this Signal in its day,
 As if he did intend to weigh
 Men in the Ballance curiously,
 That so he might their Actions try.
 It went thence South, and so came back
 To *Aries* Sign, as if the track
 Of every Man by double essays
 God would discover in their ways.

Tremble O Earth ! Heav'ns curious Eye
 Looks down upon thee from the Sky :
 Dread, lest he that the Mountains high,
 And Hills so great, doth frequently
 At's pleasure poise with greatest ease,
 When he hath try'd both Land and Seas ;
 Writing *MENE TEKEL BOHU*,
 Turn thy Glory into *Tohu*.

This Comet touch'd the Eagle's Wing,
 Which will make *Austria's* Ears ting.
 Look to your selves whose Egles fly ;
 This Comet will rain certainly
 Showers of Blood, and grievous things
 Both upon small and greater Kings.
 It touch'd the *Dolphin*, that's the Fish
 Which swims with greatest pace : I wish
 Poor Seamen might a Licence have
 Themselves to keep from *Neptune's* Grave.
 Stern *Aeolus* will Winds send forth,
 And turn the smooth-fac'd Sea to froath.
 The Heav'ns grow black, the Stars withdraw
 Their shining Countenance, to th'Aw
 Of many a gallant sprightly Lad,
 Who fondly fool'd what once he had.
 My Mates, my heart doth almost bleed,
 Because there are so few that heed
 How time runs on, danger draws nigh,
 Which will oretake you suddenly.
 You nimble Lads, who *Neptune* ride,
 And dreadless through fierce Ocean slide,
 Reef it awhile : All hands aloft !
 Mind well your Helm ; for you'l have oft
 Salt breeming Waves, which will not burn,
 Yet must become your dismal Urn.

Your Carcasses when you are dead
 Will try the Depth, like Sounding-Lead ;
 Your briny Coats, and swollen Bulks,
 Must roul on Shores like Shipwrack'd Hulks.

It scorch'd the *Swan*, and thence will reach
 The Man that's rais'd on high to teach.
 You *Livi's* Race, whom God hath chose
 Us to direct, and save from Foes ;
 Infernal Fiends, who would us swallow :
 See that in Fires you God's Name hallow,
 This Comet threatens you also ;
 O mind your work before you go
 To darkest Shades, to silent Grave ;
 To work a season now you have ;
 O whet your Tongues, your Arrows set
 Upon the String : do not forget
 To draw the Bow with fullest strength,
 Let Rovers fly at their full length :
 Direct your Arrow with good aim
 At those whom you know are to blame,
 You Leaders are, O do not yeeld,
 When you are call'd into the Field,
 A Field of War, a Field of Blood,
 If *Eli* call you, hee'l make good
 His Promises. And tho you fall
 In outward view, yet then you shall
 Victorious prove, even in the end,
 When Jesus Christ shall prove your Friend.
 Your Robes twice dipt in Blood will shine
 With Glory lasting and divine ;
 Look to your Charge, the Serpent's brood
 Will range abroad in furious mood ;
 Sleep not at all, watch carefully,
 Lest such few Tares abundantly ;

Lest he that's call'd ὁ πονηρὸς,
 Instead of Gold, obtrude his Dross.
 God's Furnace now in *Zion* is,
Jerusalem walk not amiss.

Th' Refiners Fire will soon kindle
 On them that in Religion wrangle.
 Proud Hypocrites who have misled
 The World, shall be brought to their Bed ;
 A Bed of Sorrows, Shame, Disgrace :
 For God will now pluck from their Face
 That Vizord of feign'd Sanctity,
 Under whose Masque they went awry.
 Vain-glorious Hypocrites, who made
 Religions outward shew their Trade ;
 Who strain at Gnats, did Camels swallow ;
 Yet inwardly did not God hallow ;
 Cenforious Wretches, and Back-biters,
 Who with their Tongues were Neighbour-smitters ;
 Such must be brought upon the Stage,
 Because of their Tongues greatest Rage.
 God will his Churches purify
 From all such Wretches terribly :
 The Wheat will soon be clens'd from Chaff,
 And they shall mourn who now do laugh.
 God will a Witness be with speed
 Against all such as do not heed :
 I see the frowns of Blood in's Face ;
El-shadi now lays hold on's Mace ;
 A Mace of Iron of massy weight,
 To crush all them that walk not streight.
 He that is higher than all Kings,
 Lords, Earls, and Barons, with their Rings
 Of Pomp, of Power, of greatest Might,
 Whose Hand directs the Morning-light ;

Who

Who guides the gloomy Shades of Death,
 And gives or takes from all their Breath,
 Is on his Way, he mounts his Throne,
 And He will be advanc'd alone.
 His Eyes, like sparkling Flames, do view
 All that are stain'd with *Ethiope's* hue,
 And will not wash their Robes in Blood,
 In th' Blood of him who is our God ;
 That sacred Blood which only can
 Purge out the stains of sinful Man,
 And make him shine with Glory far
 More bright than doth the Evening-Star,
 Or *Phæbus* in his greatest shine,
 Whose Glory's next to that's divine.
 His Hand that grasps the Mountains large,
 And spans Earth to its utmost verge ;
Olympus high, and *Vesta* low,
 And *Sol* ith' Center which doth go,
 Can take and tofs with greatest ease,
 And doth therewith what-ere he please.
 His Hand grasps hold on Judgment now,
 And will force all to break or bow ;
 His Sword he draws and flourishes,
 He whets the same and brandishes
 Before the Eyes of Nations all ;
 Because hee'll war with great and small.

Storms follow this tremendous Blaze,
 Which will some Church-men sore amaze.
 God's House which did not long since shine
 With Love and Peace, which did combine
 To make our *Bethels* Seats of Praise,
 Will ere-long look like troubled Seas,
 Like Seas of Glas mingled with Fire :
 Because some Spirits would be higher

Than

Than God or Nature doth permit,
Such will their Venom shortly spit
Behind the back, if not ith' face
Of them that are blest *Levi's* Race.

This flaming Comet will infuse
Acoustick heat into those Stews ;
And also beam its flaming Darts
Into the canker'd froward hearts
Of Hell's black Legion, *Ishmaelites*,
Who still traduce God's *Israelites*,
Because they can't with them combine,
To give God's Holy Things to Swine ;
Because they stand upon their Guard,
And, *Argus*-like, strive to retard
Wild-beasts inroads, and trampling down
That which a Christian counts his Crown;
Proud Pharisees, false-painted Tombs,
Will with Hell's deep and fertile Wombs
Conjunctions seek, to generate
A spurious Bastard-Race, to grate
Upon the edge of Saints divine,
Who will not feed among the Swine.
He that's a Knave and Hypocrite,
Would fain accounted be upright,
By twisting other Men awry,
And loading Truth ev'n with a Lye ;
Such strive to wash their own foul face,
By casting dirt and foul disgrace ;
Like th' Pharisee, or Publican,
Yet was he not the better Man.
False Villains that do walk awry,
Will judg the best Men themselves by :
Yet dread it not *Nathaniel*,
God will from hence shortly expel :

Those

Those Briars and Thorns which scratch thy face,
 He'll root them up, and stop their Race.
 These flaming Lights which now appear,
 Do shew the Judgment-Day draws near.
 These sparkling Lights which flame and die,
 Are Signs (tho small) the Judg draws nigh,
 Who will appear with thundring Voice,
 With Flames begirt, and hidden noise ;
 Tempestuous Storms of flaming Fire
 Will seize the Earth, and Heavens higher.
 Hee'l knead the Earth, and havock make
 Of all wherein most pleasure take.
 His Voice will roar , Nature will tremble
 When Judgments shall themselves assemble
 Like armed Troops, for to destroy
 All those who did his Lambs anoy.
 Heavens Firmament will melt like Lead,
 And falling down, will scald the head
 Of Wickedness. The Earth will burn,
 And wrap them in its flaming Urn.
 This Fire will Heavens purify ;
 Encircling Earth, it will descry
 Close Villany, and evil Men ;
 Then all shall be renew'd agen.
 Damn'd Wretches here no more shall grow,
 Nor over others shall they crow,
 As now they list, but shall be cast
 Into the Pit that is so vast,
 So comprehensive, and so wide,
 That Sinners all in it may bide.
 Mean while the best of Men shall rise
 Unto that place, which few Mens Eyes
 Have seen, except by th'Eye of Faith,
 And do believe, because so faith

Jehovah true, who cannot lie,
Nor Men deceive with Falacy.

I'll give an hint, pray mind it well,
This Comet surely doth foretell
Light breaking forth from darkest Cell,
Strange Rays of Light which shall dispel
Traditions fond, and Practice too,
Tho not without a sad ado ;
Mysterious Truths dark Riddles hide,
The which at length are clearly spy'd.
Great struggling shall between both be :
At length you'l Truth triumphant see.
I see the Truth begins to spring,
It shoots the blade : but there's a Sting
With fiery heat, which will consume
All such as kick, and do presume
It to reject, and all forsooth,
Because it suits not with their truth.

A Central Line of darksome Shade
This sweeping Tail to our view made :
Which signifies the House of *Mors*
To those who still without remorse
Are glewed unto fond Tradition,
And to the Truth will not them fashion.

Must I with sorrow and with grief,
In wasting waste, because relief
Most Men do want ; because Fire, Hail,
Frost, Snow and Drought do cause to fail
Those satiate Pleasures, we enjoy'd
Before we were with these annoy'd.
Must springs of tears in every face
Break forth and run in every place ?
Must I still see, or must I hear,
That most things grow excessive dear ?

Must

Must Blastings, Mildews, constantly
 Be followers of this Prodigy?
 Must Sailors be drown'd in the deep,
 And Shepherds come to lose their Sheep?
 Must Husbandmen lose greater Cattel,
 And Country-men be forc'd to Battel?
 Must Merchants lose their great Estates,
 And Judges be thrust from their Seats?
 Must Cities flame, and Churches burn,
 And all things haste to their first Urn?
 Must Tradefmen languish, Ladies pine,
 And gladly feed among the Swine?
 Must Surgeons and Physicians have
 Much Work to keep Men from the Grave?
 Must all things hither skilter run,
 As if that we were quite undone?
 —Such times draw nigh.——

Must Heathen Nations still combine
 To ruine what is prov'd divine?
 Shall Infidels boldly presume
 God's holy People to consume?
 Shall Hereticks be bold to vent
 Such Fallaces as Churches rent?
 Shall Truth be trodden to the Ground
 By Policy of Hell profound?
 Shall Antichrist his Wound now heal,
 By trampling down the Common-weal?
 Shall Kings and Princes now fall down
 Themselves and theirs toth' Triple Crown;
 Basely prostrate, and willingly
 Adore him who in's Villany
 Doth cheat the World fallaciously,
 Imposing on them cunningly?

Shall

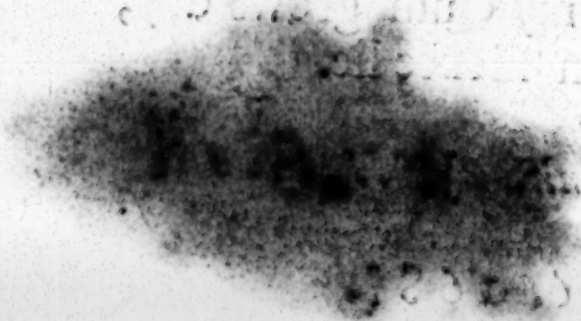
Shall they their Swords and Spears cast down
 At's Feet, and swear to guard his Crown,
 Who is their Vassal, and no Prince,
 As will appear when he goes hence?
 Shall th' Golden Cup of Mountebanks
 Cheat all Men, yea, Men of all ranks?
 Shall no Man see and shun the Cheat?
 Sure when 'tis thus, God's Wrath is great.
 If any ask how this can be?
 Let him anatomize these three:
 I mean the *Pope*, the *Turk*, the *Devil*,
 Grand Architects of all that's evil.
 My Heart is cold, my Quill grows dry,
 And must a while in silence lie.

Sic Cecinit. J. W.

March 6. 1688.

F I N I S.

Shall they their swords
And feet, and went to
Who is it that
A will be when
Shall this golden
Omen this
Shall this
Into what
It is a
I mean the
And a while in



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